

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

AAJ

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is AAJ My date of birth is 1950. I am 66 years old. My contact details are known to the inquiry.

Life before care

2. My home life was as normal as normal can be. I lived in Glasgow with my parents and three sisters. I had an older sister called and two younger sisters called and . I was brought up Roman Catholic. My mother got tuberculosis when I was five years old and had to go to hospital. My sisters and I were put into a home as my dad couldn't look after us at the time. was seven years old, I was five, was two years old and was only eight months old.

Smyllum Children's Home, Lanark – first time

3. My social services notes tell me that I went into Smyllum children's home in Lanark on 1955 with my sisters. , who was two years old and , who was only eight months old, went to a different place from and I.

4. My memories from the first time in Smyllum are vague and I don't remember much. I was only five years old and I think I was in there for around eleven months. I know it wasn't pleasant. I got beaten up quite a lot by the nuns. I

wet the bed, which I never done before I went in. It wasn't a pleasant experience the first time round.

5. We came out on [REDACTED] 1956 and went back to stay with my mother, who was now better.

Life at Home

6. I was home for around eighteen months. After that time, my mother abandoned us. On [REDACTED] 1958, she put me and my sisters in a taxi and sent us to my dad's brother's house. She told us that our dad would pick us up from there the following day.

7. My dad came to see us the following day but he didn't pick us up. He told us that he couldn't look after us and didn't know where our mother was. The records show that my aunty contacted my maternal grandfather, who didn't know where my mum was and wouldn't take us in. My aunty then contacted RSPCC. My father was in prison, [REDACTED]

8. A big green van turned up soon after and I knew where we were going. I remembered the van from the first time we were taken to Smyllum. All four of us were taken to Smyllum. This was on [REDACTED] 1958

Smyllum Children's Home, Lanark - second time

9. When I got into Smyllum through the big gates, I just went mad. I was quite rebellious anyway. I had a complete melt down. I got out the van and started running. The men who were driving the van caught me and took me into the home. That was it. We were then in there until [REDACTED] 1960.

10. There were a lot of buildings within the grounds. They went all the way around the grounds and there was a big turret at the top. There was a centre

courtyard between the buildings. This is where we would be any time we were outside. It was like a prison courtyard.

11. I think [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were put in a separate part of the home because they were younger. I never saw my two younger sisters the entire time I was in the home. I had no contact with them at all. I asked to see them but the nuns told me to get on with what I had to do and that they weren't allowed to see me. They never let me see them. [REDACTED] didn't see them either.

12. The home had dormitories and there were a lot of us. It was a big dormitory with wrought iron beds all over the place. I was next door to my older sister, [REDACTED].

13. They gave us clothes when we went in. We wore these little ill-fitting dresses. We had ordinary clothes and socks and shoes. I think the clothes had been donated. They weren't matching dresses. I don't remember any uniform for school. We didn't need coats or anything because we never went out. Our hair had to be cut short. I had long hair when I went in and it had to be cut short.

Bed wetting

14. I wet the bed all the time for a good year or more. When I wet the bed, I was made to put the wet sheets from my bed around my head and walk up and down in the dormitory. This was in front of other children in the dormitory to make an example of me. I wasn't the only one who wet the bed. All the children got this treatment. This was a daily thing for me after I wet the bed. It just went on and on and on. People used to laugh at us. It was just humiliating. It got to the point where people just didn't laugh anymore but if they didn't laugh, they got smacked by the nuns.

15. The sheets would then be put in the bath, which was next to the dormitory, to be washed. If you wet the bed, you had to hand wash your sheets

yourself. When dried, the sheets would be left at the end of your bed and you had to make your own bed.

16. My older sister swapped the sheets two or three times when I wet the bed because she knew I would get beaten up. The nuns cottoned on to this though because they knew [REDACTED] didn't wet the bed. [REDACTED] got slapped for doing this. She had only been doing it to help me.

17. The nuns had a room just off the dormitory where they would stay most of the time. They used to come in the night and drag me out of the bed to go to the toilet because I was a bed wetter. It never did any good because I carried on wetting the bed anyway.

18. I stopped wetting the bed all of a sudden. I don't know if it is because I got used to the place and settled into it. There were new children coming in and they would wet the bed and the same procedure carried on with them.

Daily Routine

19. When we woke in the morning, we had to scrub the floors. The home had stone floors. We had to kneel down with scrubbing brushes and buckets and scrub the floors. Then we would go to chapel and pray before having breakfast. Then we would go into the courtyard and they would make us do stupid things like get skipping ropes and make us skip. This was for exercise I suppose. Then we would go to school, which was a short walk from the main building. It was within the grounds. After school, we'd come back and do more cleaning. Then we'd have prayers again, dinner and bed.

20. I can't remember much about weekends. I think we cleaned all the time. People were probably assigned different jobs because I was always cleaning and scrubbing floors. I also cleaned the chapel stone floors and the offices, as well as making beds. That must have been my job. I am sure other people had other jobs, maybe in the laundry or wherever.

Bath times

21. A lot of us had to share a bath. There would be a line of people for the bath and you would go in one by one. If you were first in line, you got very hot, scalding water. We would go in one after the other. If you were last in line, the water was cold. There was no order for the line. It was just pot luck. If you were in the middle, you were lucky because although the water would be dirty, it would not be too hot or too cold.

22. Some people just disappeared. There was this one girl, who was quite spirited, like myself. She was always getting beaten up for one reason or another, like me. The nuns beat her up so badly one day in the bathroom. I was screaming. All of the kids were screaming. There were three nuns involved. They beat her up so terribly and then I never saw her again. It is terrible when you think about it because we were just kids and we couldn't do anything for her. I don't know where she went. I must have been aged eight or nine when that happened. She would have been a similar age to me, maybe a bit younger or a bit older. She was in a dormitory. I don't remember anyone's names.

Schooling

23. I had a problem with my left ear since I was a young child, before I went into the home. I used to get infections a lot when I was younger. When I was in school, I was made to sit at the back of the class. I couldn't hear very well because of my ear but the nuns assumed I wasn't listening and took it as a slur against them. They would make me stand in the corner wearing a hat that had "*dunce*" written on it. They thought this was amusing and did it to me for a long time. They would also grab me by my left ear and pull me around by it. The dunce hat was used on other girls too. We were all daft dunces and imbeciles as far as they were concerned. My sister was very clever though. She never had the dunce's hat on.

24. I was later moved to the front of the class. By this time I was way behind everybody else in the class so I just gave up. I never did well at school because of the problems I had. The nuns thought I was thick and stupid.

25. I don't remember any outside teachers. It was just the nuns who taught us. The school we went to was in a local area so there may have been outside teachers in other classes.

Discipline

26. When the nuns beat us, they would kick us. They had these little black shoes with lace ups and a little heel on them. They used to *click click click* all over the place. They kicked me a lot and beat me with a cane. They also beat me with a big leather strap. The beatings took place in the dormitory and also in school, especially for me.

27. The nuns would regularly lock me in a cupboard. The cupboard wasn't in the dormitory. It was in one of the other rooms. It also had cupboards above it where sheets and blankets were stored. It was pitch black in the cupboard. There was no space to lie down or stand up. I would sit in a foetal position. I spent more time in the cupboard than I did anywhere else.

28. I think I was always put in there because I was angry at the way I was being treated and so quite rebellious. I would be put in there for a long time. Sometimes I would miss dinner and once I was kept in there overnight and only taken out in the morning. They would lock it from the outside. Other children were also put in there. When they would take me out, they'd put another child in there. That was normal routine.

29. One day we were all told to file up in a line behind one another and walk up the stairs. This was in the turreted part of the building at the front. We had never been in that part of the building before. Nobody knew what was happening. As

we were walking up the stairs, we could smell an awful smell. I mentioned it to one of the girls but nobody knew what it was. We walked all the way up the stairs and when we got to the top, there was a nun laid out on a bed. At first I thought she was sick, but realised she was dead. The place stunk. All the girls were screaming and crying.

30. The nuns told us to kiss this dead nun on the head. I thought "*no way, I'm not doing that*". I refused to do it. The nuns grabbed me by the hair and dragged my head down to kiss the dead nun. As they forced my face close to hers, I spat on the dead nun. That was it. They dragged me by my hair all the way down the stairs whilst telling me I'd rot in hell, then threw me in the cupboard. I don't know how long I was in there that time.

31. I had never seen a dead body before that. I was only eight or nine years old. I don't know how long she had been dead for but it must have been a while as the smell was awful. She was probably one of the nuns who had beat the living daylights out of us. I wasn't going to kiss her. I didn't want to do it.

32. I think these people were very deprived in their own lives. They were supposed to be giving their life to god. This was their vocation so I don't understand why they were treating us this way. It was as if they were deprived of something and they were taking it out on little kids.

33. I had friends but I don't remember anybody's name. I saw lots of children beaten up by the nuns but unfortunately I don't remember anyone's name. We were just numbers in there. I don't think any of the children knew who anybody was in there. I don't remember if the nuns used our names or what they called us, if they called us anything. They didn't really communicate with us very much at all. The only time they communicated with us was when we had done something wrong and they were being nasty to us. They never sat with us or read to us or played with us.

34. My big sister was with me most of the time and that was the only comforting thing. I know that she tried to look after me best she could but there was nothing she could have done. She used to say to me: AAJ just try not to be so

naughty and they won't throw you in the cupboard" or whatever it was that they were doing. I just couldn't bring myself to be civil to them because they were just so nasty and horrible to everybody. How could I try at that age to be normal when they were treating me the way they were. There was nothing normal about it.

35. I don't really think my sister suffered from them because she was different to me in lots of ways. It didn't seem to faze her as much as it did me. She went along with it. She wasn't as spirited as me and I have to be honest with myself, I probably brought a lot of my mistreatment on myself by being naughty. If you're naughty at home your parents will probably smack you but these people beat you all the time. It was viscous and nasty.

36. There were many nuns but I remember two nuns in particular. One was Sister [EAA] and the other, Sister [EAB]. They were both the most viscous to me. Sister [EAA] was there the first time I went in because I remember seeing her as soon as I walked in. These two nuns were the ones who done most of the damage to me. The other ones were nasty as well but I don't remember their names.

Sister [EAA]

37. Sister [REDACTED] was there constantly. She was in my dormitory the entire time I was there. I have since found out, from my documents, that her name was actually [REDACTED]. I am sure she will be long gone by now. I was in there when I was ten and she must have been about thirty years old. That was fifty six years ago.

38. I was in the playground one day and I fell and cut my knee. I cleaned it but it was bleeding and the nuns wouldn't give me anything to put on it. I kept telling them that my knee was bleeding but they wouldn't do anything about it. The next morning my knee had swollen up. I had to scrub the floors and had a bucket of water that was as big as me and a scrubbing brush. I got down on one knee but couldn't bend the swollen one. I was trying to scrub the floor and I could hear Sister [EAA]

click-clicking along the stone floor. You could hear the nuns coming before you could see them. I would start to shake as soon as I saw her. I was also nervous because I couldn't kneel down and I spilled water from the bucket all over her shoes. She kicked me from here to Sunday. She kicked me all over the place.

39. I was in such a state that I ran away from her and hid in a cupboard. I thought that was the one place they wouldn't find me because they always locked me in the cupboard as a punishment. I hid in the cupboard where sheets and blankets were kept. This was above the cupboard they would usually lock me in. I stayed there most of the night and missed dinner. This cupboard didn't lock so eventually I crept out of it and went to bed.

40. The nuns must have seen me when I got into the dormitory and I slipped into bed. Sister EAA and another sister, whose name I don't know, dragged me out of the bed and into the bathroom. They beat the living daylight out of me in the bathroom. They bent me over the bath and whacked me on the backside with a strap and a cane. Then they dumped me back into bed.

41. My knee was very bad for a long time after that. I never saw a Doctor.

Medical attention

42. I don't remember there ever being any matron or nurse. I don't remember any of the other children seeing a nurse either.

43. When I'd wake in the morning, I'd have yellow discharge coming out my ear. It would be stuck to my ear like a scab. I'd have to wash the pillow cases. That was fine, but it was the way the nuns treated me with my ear problems that wasn't. They seemed to have so much fun pulling my ear when it was bleeding. I used to scream and beg them to pull my other ear, if they had to pull my ear. They had found out my weakness and they played on it. It was their way of getting to me. This carried on the whole time I was in there. They pulled other children by the ear also. I never got any treatment or attention for my ear.

Leisure time

44. There was no playtime built into the day. We were either cleaning or at school. We would clean before and after school. We also cleaned at weekends. If we were outside, it was just in the courtyard, which was like a prison courtyard.

45. There were toys that were probably donated by people. They were kept in a big room. They were for everybody and we all played with them together. I only remember ever being allowed to play at weekends, maybe on a Sunday.

46. I don't remember there ever being a library. They probably thought I was too stupid to read books anyway.

Trips and Visits

47. There were never any trips. We never went out the big front gates of Smyllum home. I never went outside those grounds the whole time I was in there. I never saw green grass.

48. I only ever had one visit from my family and that was from my aunty. This was my mother's sister who lived with my granddad. I said to her that these people are cruel and were beating me up. She told me not to be silly and they were nuns who didn't do things like that. I told her that they were doing these things and they made sure they never bruised your face and only hit you in places that couldn't be seen. She never believed me. My mother or dad never visited.

49. I don't remember anybody ever coming to check on us or inspect the place.

50. We were encouraged to get involved with people from the outside. The nuns allocated me a man and woman, who I was to call Aunty Mary and Uncle Jim. I

don't remember their surnames, but they were lovely. They would come to visit me. They told me they didn't have any children of their own. They would also send me parcels of smarties, fruit pastilles and penny caramels. They would send me them in a little box every month. I used to share them with my sister and other friends. This went on for a few months. They also sent me Christmas presents.

51. We would be made to write to our allocated visitors and thank them for the gifts. They also sent me a picture of themselves sitting on a picnic blanket. I don't know where that picture went but it was the only thing I had in there. We had no other belongings.

52. The nuns would make a big fuss in front of Aunty Mary and Uncle Jim about how well I was treated. I told the couple that the nuns didn't treat us well and they were always beating us up, but they probably thought I was just being silly.

53. After a few months the parcels stopped coming. I asked the nuns where my parcels were and they said I wasn't getting them anymore because I wasn't sharing them with people. I played up about that and was really quite angry so I wrote to Aunty Mary and uncle Jim and said not to send me any more parcels because the nuns were not giving them to me. I also wrote that the nuns were beating me up and I didn't like it in there. I never heard anything back.

54. One day, maybe months later, I was told to clean the nuns offices. As I was cleaning, I found a parcel with my name on it. I thought that Aunty Mary and Uncle Jim had started sending parcels to me again. I picked it up to take it out of the office and the nuns walked in. They took it from me and beat the living daylights out of me again. They told me I wasn't to touch anything in there. They threw me out of the office and I never got the parcel.

55. A while later, I was in the office cleaning again and I found the letters that I had written to Aunty Mary and Uncle Jim. They had never been sent. The nuns had probably realised that I was saying things that I shouldn't be saying and wanted to keep the couple away from me. I don't know what they told the couple about me.

They might have told them that I had moved on and allocated another child to them. I really don't know. I never saw the couple again. I loved them and they loved me, and the nuns took even that away from me.

Birthdays and Christmas

56. We never got anything. We would be in a big hall at Christmas and people would have sent in present and donations. Aunty Mary and Uncle Jim had sent me a little red Betty® sewing machine. it was a lovely thing. I kept that. everything else that was sent was divided between everybody else.

Leaving Smyllum

57. Towards the end of us being there, my mother asked for a visiting order to see us. It was granted and within weeks, we were allowed home.

58. When I left, the nuns took my 'Betty' sewing machine off me. I was crying my eyes out. I was only ten years old. I told them I didn't care about anything else but I wanted this little machine. They wouldn't give it to me and said I was selfish. That was the only thing I wanted because it was mine. I had been given it by the only people who had treated me well. They wouldn't let me have it.

59. We came out on [REDACTED] 1960. I was in there just short of three years. The four of us got out on the same day. That was the first time I saw my two younger sisters since we'd gone in. I left through the big gates that I had entered through when I arrived. The only time in three years I ever walked through those big gates was the day I left. That was the first time I was to see green grass again in three years.

Life after care

60. Nobody knew where my mother had gone after she abandoned us. We found out when we got out that we had another little brother so she obviously went off with someone. The man she had the baby with became my step-father. He was wonderful.

61. We went back to live with my aunty and grandfather for a while. This was the aunty who had visited us in the home. The agreement with social services was that we could get out the home as long as we lived with our mother at our grandfather's house, without my mother's partner.

62. My mother and aunty didn't get on very well so my granddad told us we had to get out after a while. Social Services found us a room. It was a big room with a shared kitchen and bathroom. It was in Hill Street in Glasgow. We lived there for a while before getting a council house in Acrehill Street in Blackhill. We all lived there with my step-father and my new little brother.

63. When I came out, I was very angry with my mother about all of this. I told her about the abuse straight away. She didn't believe me and told me not to be stupid. ██████ told her it was true and that the nuns used to beat me up terribly. ██████ remembered everything. Having looked at the social services papers, I can now understand in hindsight why she didn't do anything. She was on probation for abandoning us. Social services were watching her and visiting her to make sure we were looked after. She probably didn't want to rock the boat with the authorities. I think that is why she didn't do anything.

64. As we got older, my sister ██████ and I would discuss what happened in the home with our mum, and we did so until we were into our thirties and forties. ██████ would say that I was always being naughty and it was awful for me. I think our mother was in total denial. She also never took anything seriously except for herself. She wasn't a very nice mother.

65. I haven't spoken to my mother or my older sister [REDACTED] in over twenty years. My brother died and things happened that led to me not talking to them. My sister [REDACTED] has passed away now. I am very close to my sister [REDACTED] [REDACTED] remembers being in the home but doesn't remember anything about the place. She was younger and in a nursery type of place. It was smaller than the area we were in and I'm sure they had different people looking after them..

66. I obtained my social services notes in 1993 as I was interested how it all started and because I didn't have much memory of what happened when I first went in.

67. I married and had my daughter, [REDACTED] I then got divorced and moved to [REDACTED] and met [REDACTED] dad. We were together for about eighteen years before we got divorced. I met my partner, [REDACTED] two or three years after my divorce. My daughter is a [REDACTED] and my son works for the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] so at least I have done something right. I have two good kids. I am retired now after working [REDACTED] for thirteen years. I got tendonitis in my wrist so I stopped working at 58 years old. That was eight years ago. I am now on a state pension. My partner [REDACTED] died [REDACTED] years ago

68. After [REDACTED] and I had been together a couple of years, we were in Glasgow visiting my step-dad, so I also visited Smyllum. I wanted to show [REDACTED] where it was. This was before all the news stories broke. We went through the big gates. The building was run down and derelict by this time and had no windows. The big entrance door was boarded up. I said I wanted to get inside. I just felt like I had to get inside so [REDACTED] lifted me up and helped me through a window that was broken. I went up the stairs and I remember when I got part way up the stairs, I saw a dormitory with beds in it. I don't know if it was my dormitory but it was very surreal. I didn't dwell on it too long and went back out.

69. There was a building next door with people living in it. I knocked on the door and the people came out. I asked them if they knew anything about the home. They took us in for a cup of tea and I told them I used to be in the home. They said they

had got a sign from god to come there to live. They asked us to sit and pray. I thought it was quite bizarre.

70. There was a cottage at the end of the field, at the bottom of the lane. There was a man there who we spoke to. He said he was an orphan and spent most of his life in the home. He would cut the grass and do odd jobs there. I chatted to him about some of the nuns and he said he had photographs. He remembered Sister EAA who he thought was lovely. He gave me a picture of her. I had the picture blown up.

71. [REDACTED] and I would often go into charity shops to see if I could find a 'Betty' sewing machine just so I could get one but I never ever found one. That was the only thing that was mine in Smyllum but I wasn't allowed to have it.

72. [REDACTED] and I went to Ireland on holiday after we'd been together 3 years, in 1998. He went out to get papers in the morning and returned with News of the World and told me Smyllum was all over the papers. People had come forward. We sat for hours reading them.

73. At that time, I had a sense of relief because even though I had told my kids and told [REDACTED] about the abuse in Smyllum, I got the feeling that people thought I was exaggerating or talking nonsense. I knew they believed me but there was never any proof. At that moment, the press coverage was all I wanted and all I needed. I had needed to know that it wasn't just me. It was out there now and we would be believed now. I felt relived about that. There was a phone number for Cameron Fyfe saying that anybody involved should ring them.

74. The following morning was a Monday and I rang Cameron Fyfe's office and arranged a meeting with Fiona Taylor to give a statement in Glasgow. [REDACTED] and I stopped off at [REDACTED] to get fresh clothes and headed straight to Glasgow where I gave the statement.

75. I started getting phonecalls from newspapers asking if I wanted to sell my story. I have no idea how they got my details. I know people did go to the papers and that is how the truth came out but everyone's individual feelings are different. I have to appreciate that someone did go to the newspapers or it might not have come out in the first place. I am a private person and I told them I didn't want to get involved with newspapers.

76. The court action side of things with Cameron Fyfe went on for a long long time. We had to get legal aid to raise an action for damages. I sent them nearly a thousand pounds over a period of time. They said they needed £350 to get things moving, which I didn't really have at the time. I was only earning £76 a week at my job as a florist. I sent the money, however.

77. Cameron Fyfe also told me I would need to get a psychiatric report done and I agreed to it. I went to see a clinical psychologist, Dr [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] to have it prepared. This was in 1998. Dr [REDACTED] had obtained all my medical records from my GP, Dr [REDACTED]. The report cost me £450 but I never saw a copy once it was prepared. I was also receiving counselling through my Doctor, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

78. I finally received letters from Cameron Fyfe to say that twelve test cases had gone forward but because of the time bar, they couldn't do anything. As far as I was concerned then, that was it all over. I had told my story about what happened and I didn't care it wasn't going further.

79. I joined INCAS around that time. FAY, [REDACTED] and myself went to an INCAS meeting in Glasgow and I met with Frank Docherty. I met a lady there called Helen. She was one of the ladies who spoke on the podium about what happened to her. I sat and listened to everyone else. It was ironic because I had never met these people and they have never met me yet our stories were the same.

80. I never heard back from Cameron Fyfe and it was Frank Docherty who told me where my documents were. I didn't even know that Cameron Fyfe had gone

bust. I sent away for my documents and files and I only got them all this year, in February or March of 2016. That was the first time I had seen my psychiatric report. It was hard to read. According to the report I am severely clinically depressed. I have passed a copy of the psychiatric report to the inquiry, as well as my social services report covering the years 1955 to 1961.

81. I never got my thousand pounds back from Cameron Fyfe. According to the paperwork, they said they sent me my cheques and paid my money back, but I never received anything. I looked at the stubs in my file but there are no cheque numbers or anything on them.

82. About a year or two ago, my son [REDACTED] contacted me after seeing the McLelland report and he sent me a link to it. Then much more recently, the inquiry sent three letters to me. They had gone to my old flat because by that time I had moved in with [REDACTED] [REDACTED] collected them and read them out to me. The letters had biographies of the chair members of the inquiry. I called Helen Holland and she asked me if I would be willing to talk to the inquiry. That was when I thought I would because it is for everybody who is going through similar things all over the country. I agreed that I would contact the inquiry.

83. Prior to [REDACTED] contacting me, I had no intention of talking to anyone about it in a public forum because my step father was still alive in Glasgow and I didn't want him opening a paper and reading about me. I had to think of the bigger picture and other peoples' feelings. I had never spoken to my step father about what happened to me. He died two years ago. My brother [REDACTED] was his only child and he had passed away about twenty years ago. My step dad was really good to us and I never wanted to talk to him about the abuse. I am quite a private person.

84. I went back to Smyllum one more time with [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] There was redevelopment going on by that time.

85. Cameron Fyfe sent me a letter with contact details of a woman who remembered me from Smyllum. I didn't remember her but I contacted this woman.

She spoke of a boy who had been beaten really badly by the nuns and she suspected he'd been buried in the garden. I didn't remember anything about this boy. This woman was convinced that children had been going missing from there. She also thought that the nuns from Smyllum worked in France too.

Records

86. I tried to find out if I could get my records for my time in Smyllum to see if I could get details of Aunty Mary and Uncle Jim, but I was told the records had all been destroyed in a fire.

Impact of abuse

87. When I came out of the home aged ten years old, I ended up in a children's hospital in Aberfoyle because of my ear. It was like a convalescent place. I don't know how long I was in there. The staff at the hospital would wheel me to the window to get some fresh air. After leaving the hospital, I had to go to the clinic three times a week before school, to get a big needle in my ear. It was called blue stone.

88. I am deaf now in my left ear. I have had two major operations on it, called mastoidectomys, as well as two or three smaller operations. I still have infections all the time. I now have a false cavity in my ear. I have regular visits to [REDACTED] hospital twice a year. I have to go for the rest of my life. If I have infections then I have to go between my regular visits also.

89. I know that if I'd had any treatment the three years I was in Smyllum, my ear problems would never have been so bad. I know that the abuse in Smyllum for so long and having nothing done about my ear has led me to having major operations in my ear.

90. I have been treated for depression in the past. I have been on Prozac. I probably thought I was mad anyway as these people had convinced me that I was stupid. You start believing it. I don't feel depressed now. As the years have gone on I try not to dwell on things, but I still have moments.

91. My mother was not a practising Roman catholic but her side of the family was protestant. My father was a catholic so we were all baptised Roman catholic as you followed your father's faith in those days. I am not religious anymore.

92. My education has been affected. I was told I was never good in Smyllum. There have been times in later life that I have tried things to better myself. I once enrolled in a computer course. I only went there three times because I felt people were looking at me and thinking that I really didn't know anything, because it was taking me so long to learn. I was becoming very claustrophobic and anxious because I thought people were looking at me and thinking I was silly. I think my time at Smyllum has affected the way that I learn.

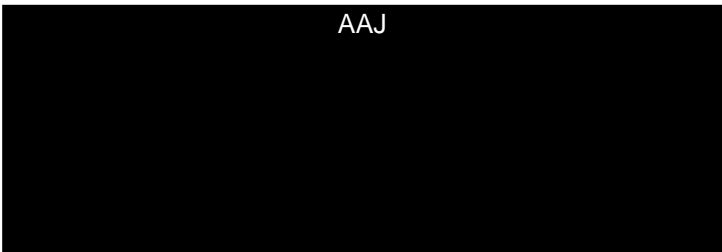
93. I am terrified of the dark, thunder and lightning. I won't go in lifts or get on aeroplanes. I am afraid of enclosed spaces. My windows have to be open all the time. I can't even go to big indoor shopping centres. They make me anxious. I don't like to feel shut in. I feel this from all the times I was locked in the cupboard at Smyllum.

94. I feel like I have to be in control of everything for myself. Everything needs to be planned. I think back now to certain rituals I did as the children were growing up, like I had a compulsive disorder. They must have thought I was nuts. I still have rituals that I need to go through with things. Everything is institutionalised and everything has to be done a certain way. I have never been late for anything.

95. I have not had any counselling lately. I have just gotten on with my life. For me, it was important to getting it out there as people already knew it had happened. I was just looking for acknowledgment. Although the authorities keep saying they are sorry, it is not good enough.

96. Looking back, I should have done something about it myself but nobody would have believed me. I never really spoke to any of my friends about it because it's just embarrassing that my mum left us. Friends have asked about my ear problems but I've never told them.

97. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

AAJ


Signed

Dated..... 18TH DEC. 2016.....

